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For the Herald and Journal.

THE STORM.

Hark! the God of glory thunders,
Swift his vivid lightnings fly;
Who is this that walks these wonders?
Who it is that shakes the sky?
O, what mighty hand is this,
Moving all unsee[n] it is?

Not unseen by those who credit
What the word of God makes known;
He who cannot see has said it,
Jesus reigns and reigns alone;
At his word the thunder rolls,
He it is that shakes the poles.

When the thunder clouds are clashing,
O'er our head in midnight gloom,
And the lightning round us flashing,
Then the stoutest spirit fails;

Yet it is the Savior's voice,
And His people may rejoice.

Yes, and in that awful season,
When the world shall pass away,
Then, e'en then the saints have reason
To rejoice and bless the day;

Then is their redemption come,
Then they reach their wish'd for home.

Savior! grant us hope, with patience,
Looking to that awful day,
Then fulfil our expectations,
Joyful let us hear thee say,

Come, ye blessed, and receive

All a father's love can give."

A. S. M. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

NO. III.

Mr. Editor.—A sixth objection to Christian holiness is this:—None ever have obtained the blessing; therefore, none ever can. Our answer shall brief.

To say that since the days of Adam's fall, none ever have obtained the blessing of Christian holiness, is to say that the objector is acquainted with the moral character of every individual that has lived from that time until now! But no man can say this. No succession of men can say this. The Bible nowhere reports the moral character of each; consequently, no man can consistently say that none ever have obtained the blessing, without arrogating to himself omnipresence and omniscience. If the objector have not been every where present in all ages, how does he know but where he has not been, there some sanctified souls have been? Again, if he have not known the precise state of every human soul since the fall, how does he know but that those souls he has not known, have been sanctified? Therefore, the objection is not the language of candor.

2. Again, for the sake of the argument, admit that none ever have obtained the blessing of Christian holiness, still it would not follow that therefore none ever can obtain it. It would only show that all have failed to do their duty. But because one man fails in business, does it follow that all will fail? Because one fails to do his whole duty, does it hence follow that all must fail in the same way? By no means; else, because some fail of heaven, therefore all will fail.

3. But a cloud of deceased and living witnesses rise up and pour confusion on this objection. Is not Abraham a bright example of Christian holiness? He believed God, and his faith was counted unto him for righteousness. Also, "the Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering." The Hebrew word here rendered "respect," conveys the idea of approbation or delight. St. Paul says, "By faith, Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous." Also, "Enoch walked with God." The Hebrew word here rendered "walked" is in the reflexive mood, and signifies that his conduct was so upright, as to reflect upon his character the divine glory; and tropically means, that he lived in a manner well pleasing unto God. And how can two walk together, except they be agreed? Likewise Moses, whom the Lord knew "face to face," is a witness.—The unveiled glory of Mount Sinai and Mount Tabor, show that he was one whom Jesus loved in a special manner. Elijah, too, was so filled with the spirit and power of God, and so dead to sin, that one day "there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire," and he went up by a whirlwind into heaven." So filled with supreme love to God was the devout David, that he said, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." If he desired nothing in all heaven, and nothing in all earth but God, did he not love God with all his heart? And was not the love of sin entirely destroyed? St. Paul also adds, "I am crucified with Christ." And again, "he that is dead is freed from sin." And once more, "our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." This is the language of full redemption. Nor is it nullified by Paul's words in another place: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." Attained what? Unto the resurrection—as any one will see by consulting the passage. And "we were already perfect" in what? In the resurrection state. But he nowhere denies that he had attained Christian holiness. St. John, the beloved disciple, was a burning and shining light, and a living witness of the attainableness of perfect love. He lived in the bosom of Jesus. His soul was constantly bathed in seas of heavenly love. As the aromatic plant is betrayed by its fragrance, so the sanctified state of his heart is ever indicated by the sweet temper of his words. Hear him discourse of that grace which is the bond of perfection; "Herein is our love made perfect." "Perfect love casteth out fear." All his epistles seem to have been indited on Jesus' breast. They are the language of a soul exclaiming:

"O love, that bathes abys:
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me;
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

In view of this great salvation, he adds:—"Whoever is born of God, doth not commit sin." And again: "Whosoever abideth in him, sinneth not." And finally: "He that committeth sin is of the devil," and the "Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil;" that is, destroy the guilt and dominion of sin in his children. "And what shall more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae, of David also, and of Samuel, and of the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, &c., that they might obtain a resurrection?" It is not true, therefore, that none ever did obtain the blessing of Christian holiness. Tens of thousands since Jesus "suffered without the gate" to save his people from their sins, have said with a triumphant shout:

"Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salut[er]e blesse[ss];
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

For the Herald and Journal.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

Br. Stevens.—I would suggest to the readers of our beloved Herald, an attentive perusal of the above named work. I have perused it many times with profit, and trust others may do the same. The prominent and essential features of a living, active and useful Christian, are there clearly exhibited. His eminent attainments in holiness, his faith in God, his diligence and success in winning souls to Christ, are worthy the practical consideration of every professed follower of the Savior. I thought of presenting some extracts from the work, showing the power of Christian faith and effort for the souls of men; but defer it on the present occasion, hoping the book will be extensively read and circulated.

B. S.

For the Herald and Journal.

DEALING "WITH A SLACK HAND," OR, A HINT TO MINISTERS ABOUT BOSTON.

Such kind of dealing will never do among any of the officers of our church. A minister may preach like Cicero, if he is a "slack hand" at pastoral duty, away with him—better by far if that church never had asked for an "eloquent" minister; he is only half of one after all the praise.

No honest man will urge his friend to do a dishonest thing for his sake.

The witnesses of perfect love are multiplying on every hand. Other denominations are drinking into the same blessing. Names of precious memory now fill my mind, in proof of this statement. All the promises of God are yes and amen in Christ Jesus to the glory of God, the Father. To doubt, amidst such a blaze of light, is treason. Let none delay to seek the blessing through fear of not obtaining it. Reader, it is for you. Give a whole heart, and receive a whole Savior. And, as when you pay a debt, you reckon yourself free, and rejoice in that freedom; so now reckon yourself dead to sin, and alive to God. Jesus has paid the debt; reckon yourself free.

" Thy debt is discharged, thy ransom's paid;
My Father just forgive."

Concord, N. H. HENRY W. ADAMS.

For the Herald and Journal.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Br. Stevens.—It is much easier to ask questions than to answer them; nevertheless, the following answers to the questions of A. C. H., in your excellent paper of the 30th of Sept., are submitted for publication, if you judge proper.

" 1. Was Peter, at the time of the passerover, a converted man; or, in other words, a Holy Ghost Christian?"

In answering this question, we shall have to ask one or two others. First, then, to what passerover does A. C. H. allude? Does he refer to the last one, at which our Lord met his disciples, Matt. 26: 17? If so, was not this passerover, according to the common chronology, two years after the transactions recorded in the tenth chapter of Matthew? According to this chapter, had not Peter, as well as others, been called to follow Christ? And had he not left all to follow him? Had not Christ commissioned him to preach the gospel, Matt. 10: 7? And had he not sent him forth, with others, as a sheep in the midst of wolves, saying to them all, "freely ye have received, freely give?" Is it likely that the holy Savior would commission an unconverted man, one destitute of the spirit of God, to preach his gospel? Would he send a man who was an enemy to his kingdom to establish, extend, and build up that kingdom? Would he say to that enemy, "he that receiveth you, receiveth me," &c., &c.? Look at the whole chapter. The conclusion is that Peter was a converted man, a Holy Ghost Christian, at the time of the last passerover, but not so fully sanctified, nor enlightened in relation to the great principles of Christianity as he was after the day of Pentecost, and especially after he had spent some time on the house-top of Simon the tanner—Acts 10: 9, 31, 35.

" 2. Was the power of working miracles, which was given to the apostles, ever taken away from them or their successors? If so, when, and why?"

Answer.—The power of working miracles, whenever there was a necessity for them, continued with the apostles to the close of their ministry. As to their successors, I know of no Scripture proof that the power of working miracles was ever given to them. "Why?" Because Christianity once established, miracles seem to have lost their efficacy. "Because Christianity once established, miracles were no longer necessary; and if continued, would lose their effect. Faith is now to be produced by the light of revealed truth, by the ordinary influences of the Holy Spirit, and by the example of a sanctified church.

" 3. Will some one please give an explanation of the second and third verses of the 14th chapter of our Lord's Gospel by St. John?"

" In my Father's house are many mansions," Paradise, or heaven, under the figure of a house. The "maker and builder of this house is God." It is his own property. It is a great and glorious house, and hath "many mansions," for the accommodation of all the heavenly family.

Young daughters! your mothers and your relatives know better than you what are the dangers which, under a thousand forms, threaten your career. They also know, far better than you can, the means of guiding your youth. Submit, then, implicitly to their guidance. Consider that by your self-denials of a day you avoid the misery of a disturbed life.

MUTABILITY.

The following lines are among the most beautiful that ever emanated from the pen of SHELLEY:

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver;
Streaking the darkness radiantly—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever.

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh, or weep,
Embrace fond wre, or cast our cares away.

It is the same!—For it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free—
Man's yesterday ne'er be like his morn;
Nought may endure but Mutability.

HINTS ON MATRIMONY.

No woman will be likely to dispute with us, when we assert that marriage is her destiny. A man may possibly fill up some sort of an existence without loving; but a woman with nothing to love, cherish, care for, and minister to, is an anomaly in the universe, an existence without an object.

It is as natural for a woman to have some one to look to for protection, some one to look to for advice and assistance, as to breathe. Without it no woman was or ever can be happy. It is the want of her nature, and nothing can satisfy her heart with such a void unfilled. Now, with the exception of some occasional irregularities in the relative proportions of the sexes, produced by circumstances, such as the settlement of new countries, there is no reason why every man should not have a wife and every woman a husband; and this would easily be brought about by the exercise of more common sense, and less ambition. Each sex is looking up for something above its own sphere. The son of an industrious and successful mechanic must be a professional man or a merchant, instead of following in his father's footsteps, and this is only the first. When he looks for a wife, the neat, industrious daughter of a mechanic like his father is not good enough for him. He must make love to some fine lady who is one age in advance; that is, her grandfather was a mechanic, instead of her father—a very aristocratic distinction. On the other hand, the girl who works for her living, earning her honest labor, would not do to encourage the addresses of a laboring man; she would set her cap for a gentleman, forsaking her mechanic's daughter, educated on her father's earnings to be a fine lady, encourages the attentions of a set of fops and dandies, who drive honest men away from her in disgust, and become the victim of some sorry sharper or shallow fool. Now this is all wrong—deplorably, wretchedly wrong. Girls should know, that men superior to themselves in education and position, do not always associate with them for good. Men should know, that by marrying girls educated in habits of life above their fortunes, they are not likely to have good wives. A little sound sense will enable any man to see that it is better to have a wife grateful for more than she expected, than grubbing at less. It is delightful going up the hill of fortune; but horrible and aggravating work to come down.

N. L.

For the Herald and Journal.

England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1846.

From the London Watchman.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Yesterday, (Tuesday, August 25) pursuant to notice, the first public meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Exeter Hall, which, although the tickets of admission were one shilling each, was well filled, both in the hall and galleries. The platform and a portion of the area set apart for their use, were crowded with the members of the Alliance from this and other countries. Among the ladies in the side galleries, were the Countess of Dacie, the Countess of Elphinstone, Lady Culling Smith, Lady Campbell, Lady Olivia Sparrow, Hon. Mrs. Kinnaid, Hon. Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. A. D. Campbell, Madame Tholuck, Miss Patton and Miss Cox, of New York, the family of Chevalier Bunc, &c. &c.

Sir CULLING SMITH, Bart., took the chair.—The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. DR. ALDER, who gave out the hymn.—

" All people that on earth do dwell,"

and read the 133d Psalm, after which the Rev. DR. BYRNE, rector of Wallasey, engaged in prayer.

THE CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and gentlemen, I feel deeply the responsibility of opening the subject of the present meeting. So deeply do I feel that responsibility, that I am conscious nothing but the help of God, sought by your prayers on behalf of, can enable me rightly to discharge the duty which this day devolves upon me. I would desire, in addressing you, to guard myself against extremes on both sides. I would desire to accept the caution given to the conference recently by a well beloved brother—that we would abstain from self-laudation, and from exaggerating the importance of the present movement; and I would desire, on the other hand, by the help of God, to be preserved from discouragement, and to take as elevated a view as I am justified in taking of the importance of our present proceedings. I would desire to remember that I am in the presence of a great assembly, convened under very peculiar circumstances; but on the other hand, I would desire, if possible, to obliterate you all from my sight, and to feel—if I might do so, that I am only in the presence of the God I think. I would desire, that I shall best discharge my duty this morning by very briefly referring to the circumstances under which, and the object for which, we are now assembled. Let me state to you that our meeting to-day is the result of a series of meetings which I shall briefly recapitulate. About this time last year, an invitation was sent from Scotland to a number of Christians in this country, requesting them to meet at Liverpool. The result of that invitation was, that on the third first days of October last year, about 220 brethren, of about 20 different denominations of Christians, met at Liverpool. At that meeting, known to you all by its name and character—known to you also as the scene of a wonderful manifestation of the presence of God, and an outpouring of his Spirit, it was resolved to appoint four committees—one in Scotland, one in Ireland, one in the north of England, and one in London. These committees were to meet from time to time in aggregate; they have so met two or three times, to confer together upon the object at which we aim; and they issued invitations, not only to brethren in this kingdom, but to foreign countries, to assemble for conference in this metropolis. They again met on the 13th of the present month, when they were assisted by a large number of foreign brethren whom I see around me, and who aided them in the preliminary preparations for the subsequent conference. On the 19th of the present month—a day which, I hope, may be long remembered in the history of the church—the conference assembled at the Freemason's Hall, in this city. It consisted of somewhat less than 1,000 members, convened from our own country, and from various parts of the world, including, I believe, Christians from all the Protestant nations of Europe, and—I am thankful to say—many of our trans-Atlantic brethren. The result of their deliberations is not yet completed. From day to day we have been meeting to deliberate on the great object for which we were convened. We feel confident in our own minds that the Spirit of our God has aided us in the conclusions to which we have arrived. Most important conclusions had been reached up to last night; other important subjects of consideration still lie before us; and we come here to-day to state the results at which we have arrived, up to the present time—not to propose resolutions to this large assembly, but to communicate to you the facts and results to which the goodness of our God has led us.

And now, brethren, for what purpose has this great mechanism been put into motion? What was the great motive that influenced the brethren in Scotland? What was the great pass-word that assembled us at Liverpool? What is the talisman which has here brought together brethren from Germany, from France, from Switzerland, from Sweden, and from the United States, to deliberate first in committee, and then in conference? Why have we ventured to call upon you to assemble here to-day? What common truth is it that we think we possess, and which we have come to-day to lay before you, before Europe, before the church, and before the world? We come to exhibit to you, if we may be permitted to do so, a great fact. All true philosophy is founded upon facts. While philosophy travelled through the region of speculation, it failed to effect its great mission in the world; but when Bacon and Newton taught that philosophy rested upon fact, it became a practical science. Christianity is a great fact; it turns upon historical facts—and we come to tell you a great fact which we all believe, and which we hope a majority of you believe also. The fact is this—that every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is spiritually one with every other believer. We care not whether he dwells on the east or on the west of the Atlantic, whether he speaks the English language, the German, or the French, we believe he has a common sentiment, and that in his heart he speaks a common language—that he has a common hope, a common faith, a common destiny with every brother believer in the Lord Jesus Christ throughout the whole world. It would not become me to say, as your chairman, to develop to you this fact, which will be referred to others. We must consider what we propose to do, founded upon this principle. Starting from this point, we propose to put this fact before various classes. We wish to bring it before the church—to remind the church of its own character, its own unity, and to stir up believers to hallow one another in the Lord. We desire to lay this fact before the Roman Catholic in a spirit of deep affection, and before the unbeliever with equally deep affection. We address ourselves to these two classes, one of which believes that it possesses the unity we claim, while the other believes that unity exists not, and that there is no certainty in religious truth. We desire, by God's help, to convince these two classes—first, the Church of Rome—they who believe too much; and next, they who believe too little—that there is a one truth, and to show our unanimity in believing that truth.

It is the same!—For it joy or sorrow,

The path of its departure still is free—

Man's yesterday ne'er be like his morn;

Nought may endure but Mutability.

N. L.

For the Herald and Journal.

How do we propose to do this? If I were to develop the mode of effecting this object, I should be trenching upon subjects which have not yet been entirely concluded upon in our Conference.

said with respect to the time allotted to the addresses of each individual, and I should be sorry to infringe upon the rule which has been laid down. I will, therefore, conclude by wishing that all who are engaged in this great undertaking, may receive that blessing which cometh from on high, without which all our efforts and endeavors are nothing worth.

Professor THOLECK, of Halle, spoke at some length on the essentials of unity, showing the advantages of uniting in brotherhood and prayer. There was no Church or Christian party that might claim the absolute truth in every respect, and on every point. There was no Christian church which had not learned something from other churches. The present movement was calculated to bring about a manifestation of that union of Christ's people of which they had long known the existence, but the reality of which they now felt. It was the first time, in ecclesiastical history, that such a union had been so far accomplished. An additional proof that the movement was a broader influence from above, might be found in the fact, that very recently, the Evangelical Church of Prussia had unanimously decreed that, while particular local usages or opinions might not be interfered with, a general standard for fundamental truth should be raised, which would exclude from the ministry any candidate who was not sound in the faith on vital points. The reverend and learned Professor proceeded to read "The Form of Ordination for Candidates for the Ministry of the Evangelical Church of Prussia," observing that it would be found in substantial and happy agreement with the doctrinal basis adopted by the Evangelical Alliance. By his kindness, we are enabled to submit a copy of it:

FORM OF ORDINATION FOR CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF PRUSSIA.

Whoever is lawfully called to the office of teaching in the Evangelical Church, and is to be consecrated thereto by prayes and the imposition of hands, is required publicly to testify, That he holds the common faith of the Protestant Church.

Wherefore, First.—He requires, as the dogma of his doctrine, neither his own opinions, nor any human dogma whatsoever, but the Word of God, as found in the prophetic and apostolic Scriptures.

Secondly, He engages faithfully and diligently, with God's help, to labor in that exposition of Scripture which, according to the law of tongues, is of the Holy Ghost, in harmony with the confession of universal Christendom, and with the confessional works of the Protestant Church, as witnesseth the fundamental truths of salvation, and ensamples of good deeds.

(Here will follow the assent of the candidate to be ordained, upon these things being desired of you.)

And here I especially desire of you, Whether you, in common with the universal Church of Christ, do confess God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost?

Whether you, in common with the whole Protestant church, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son, who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, the one, only Mediator, seeing that, as a prophet sent of God, mighty in words and works, had power over death, and had power over the dead; whether you, in common with the saints, and with lasting High Priest, have by his death reconciled unto God, having done away the sins, and risen for our justification, hath sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, and hath everlasting rule as the Head of the Church, who gathers and preserves through means of the word and sacraments by his Holy Ghost, who is sent by him into our hearts, teaches us to call Jesus "Lord;" and have given to grace which is given to us in him? And,

2. Whether, in the faith of this glad tidings of the free gift of God, his wondrous works, you, in common with all others that say that we are altogether sinners, yet become children of God by the birth of Christ; whereby we, being justified before God by mere grace, without merit of works, receive the promise of the incorruptible inheritance, which is treasured up in heaven; and that we, in the world, which is wholly evil, by love, through faith, mighty fruits of the Spirit, and day by day, renewing the heart, are prepared for the day of Jesus Christ.

(The candidate to be ordained shall here answer "Yes," as second time.)

The Professor concluded a very effective address (of which we regret that we are able to give only an imperfect outline) amidst loud cheers.

The Rev. DR. STEANE then read the second topic, as follows—

TOPIC II.—That this conference, while recognizing the essential unity of the Christian Church, feel constrained to deplore its existing divisions, and to express their deep sense of the sinfulness involved in the alienation of affection by which they have been rendered, and to express their desire that those residing in different parts of the globe, who share their sober conviction of the necessity and duty of taking measures, in humble dependence on the divine blessing, toward attaining a state of mind and feeling more in accordance with the word and spirit of Christ Jesus.

This topic was expatiated upon by the Rev. Dr. RONSON, and the Rev. DR. BUCHANAN, both of Glasgow. Taking for granted the essential unity of the Church, they severally noticed its "existing divisions," and the evils of their continuance. The former, after a careful examination of the subject, enforced the duty of prayer; the latter concluded an amicable address by observing, Two hundred years ago, the Pilgrim fathers were driven, by a forced conformity across the Atlantic; we now see these Pilgrim fathers return to their father-land, to embrace their brethren in the Lord, and engage in a common Christian cause against the common enemy.

The Rev. PASTERNE BAUP, of the Canton de Vandoeuvre, gave some affecting details relative to the suffering and persecuted church with which he is connected. In some measure, its ministers were the martyrs of union. He enforced the duty of humiliation before God, from the date of his own country, where, in the time of prosperity, they had been wanting in devotion and charity.

The Rev. EDWARD BICKERSTETH could not, at this stage of the proceedings, refrain from advertising to the presence of his revered friend, the Rev. Wm. JAY, of Bath, whose works and labors of love had so long blessed the whole Church of Christ. He congratulated him on his having been preserved through seventy-seven years, to witness the proceedings of this day, and expressed the cordial affection of the whole meeting toward him. He trusted that his friends would cheer these hearts by a few words.

The venerable and reverend gentleman, who sat on the right of the presiding chair, was evidently much affected at the expression of respect and esteem, but declined to come forward publicly.

After a pause, Mr. BICKERSTETH said: Our beloved friend and brother is so overcome by his feelings as to be unable to address you; but his heart is in the movement.

Dr. STEANE then read the third topic, as follows:

TOPIC III.—That the members of the conference are deeply convinced of the desirability of forming a confederation, on the basis of great evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunity to members of the Church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and of co-operating together; and that they hereafter agree to associate together; and they hereby agree to form such a confederation, under the name of the "Evangelical Alliance."

The Honorable and Rev. BAPTIST NOEL.—Sir Culling—Our blessed Lord has said to us, as his followers, "All ye are brethren;"¹⁷ and therefore, as the members of the same family, we are not permitted to form little associations of brothers, to the contempt of all the brethren of the same family in our neighborhood. Our blessed Lord has said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;"¹⁸ and therefore the love which is possessed, or rather which is manifested by God, must be manifested, and the love which Christ required from his disciples, if it is not indeed innocent hypocrisy. It was the prayer of our blessed Master, that "we all should be one, as he is one with the Father;"¹⁹ one in affection—one in the confession of each other, and one in constant co-operation; and thus that the world may believe that he has been sent from the Father; and therefore our union with him and with each other must be manifested to the world, that it may believe them, and on this most important occasion, to witness the removal of that wide-spread and deeply rooted skepticism which still opposes his gospel in the world. We have been commanded by his authority to have no divisions among us, but to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment; and therefore we are all bound to receive the great main truths of the gospel, and having received them, are bound to make them the basis of our union together. The same apostle has commanded us to "receive one another,"²⁰ but "not to doubtful disputation"—not to the settlement of controversies; and therefore having been united on the basis of the great truths of the gospel, we must not wait until our own disagreements arise, but, on the authority of Christ, to receive one another—a word which bids us have open, friendly relations to one another, and, as far as the opportunity is offered, be kind to one another, in the various relations of society. We are thus commanded to unite with one another; while the same apostle adds, "Mark these which form divisions and schisms among you, and avoid them;"²¹ so that if there are any who are in them, we have commanded them to be united, and will make divisions among the true followers of Jesus Christ, who have been divided by their own conduct, by their own pride, and by their own thoughts that the spirit in whom they were born has forbidden, and are as schismatics in the midst of the church, to be avoided by the lovers of peace. Therefore, beloved friends, it is our duty to combine with this association, bids us combine. If there be no other proposition to unite, we must take this, or forfeit our fidelity. Unite we must. Until some better mode than the Evangelical Alliance is announced,

our allegiance to Christ demands that we unite in this Evangelical Alliance. We must not ask how many unite. Let two unite; let ten unite; let one hundred unite,—and not ask what the millions of the world will do; for Christ has bidding us unite, and duty ought not to wait on numbers. If we think if we unite, it has been said we set a bad example. What do fate? For my part, I can predict even from failure nothing but eventual good. We have set the great idea before the world, and if we are too weak, too sinful, too self-willed, to accomplish it, better men than we will arise and carry it out. Nothing that is essentially good in itself brought before the world, can be ultimately lost.²² We are far too sensitive and timid in this work.

But why should we fail? It is not a cause which demands physical force or the suffrages of multitudes. A few are enough, not only to set this great truth before the world, but to keep it before the world. The present movement was calculated to bring about a manifestation of that union of Christ's people of which they had long known the existence, but the reality of which they now felt. It was the first time, in ecclesiastical history, that such a confederation had been so far accomplished.

An additional proof that the movement was calculated to bring about a thousand obstacles, and make its way through a thousand suspensions; but, thank God, a few can carry it through all its difficulties, if only these few are firm. Nothing, my brethren, but ourselves can ruin our cause—Every obstacle, suspicion and objection, that has been urged, seems to me a "trifle light as air."²³

But, be it stronger or weaker, it has no more power to arrest us, so long as we are true to our Master and each other, than a wasp thrown against the wild Alpine cataract, can stop it in its course, or the result of failure, and we will not fail. By the grace of God, the victory shall be won; and this victory, with His help, shall be permanent. If we are true to ourselves, patient of each other's infirmities, filled with kindness of heart, drawn from the grace of Christ, then, brethren, we can show to the world how the members of Christ's church, through all its ramifications, may, and therefore they ought to unite in her. But we want grace—Let us bear this ever in mind; we want grace—much grace; for there are sources of failure from within, though there are no obstacles great enough to render or impede us from reaching the mark to be God, to whom we are to be true. Love is the principle of union, but love does grace produce union, but union tends to the promotion of grace. Let us honor him by allegiance to him, and he will honor us by the gifts of his Spirit. Let us unite to remove the evils which afflict the Church of Christ, and God will bless us in that union. Our object is of itself such as is calculated daily to improve the spirit of those who combine to forward it. To be one as Christ was with his Father, is an object so dear to every Christian heart, that the longer we meditate upon it, the more earnest we must be to accomplish it. "What?" say some of our antagonists, "is there nothing else to aim at but union?" No! other great objects are to be aimed at, and to be pursued with entire success, yet because children of God by the birth of Christ, whereby we, being justified before God by mere grace, without merit of works, receive the promise of the incorruptible inheritance, which is treasured up in heaven; and that we, in the world, which is wholly evil, by love, through faith, mighty fruits of the Spirit, and day by day, renewing the heart, are prepared for the day of Jesus Christ.

(The candidate to be ordained shall here answer "Yes," as second time.)

The Professor concluded a very effective address (of which we regret that we are able to give only an imperfect outline) amidst loud cheers.

The Rev. DR. STEANE then read the second topic, as follows—

"All hail the great Emmanuel's name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all."

There is in this mighty moral movement presented to my mind the most satisfactory evidence of the truth of God, and the mightiest exhibition of illustrations of this, I shall confine myself to one—that is that simultaneous propelling influence which, by a sublime manifestation of the Spirit of God, has brought so many islands and continents together on this occasion. Without any one of them, we should be comparatively defective. Why, there is one who represents, not officially, but really, the Cameronian Church—on whose lap I was nursed, and in the days of my youth it would have been an iniquity to be denied it—so that we have an iniquity to be denied it. I trust you will permit me to say to you, that dimly I see the lustre of a ducal coronet, and valueless the highest rewards of political ambition, compared with the honor God has conferred upon you by placing you in that chair. I know, sir, that while we all concur in these sentiments, you will deposit your honor at the foot of the cross of Christ, by the power of whose moral magnetism we are brought together from the ends of the earth—and in regard to whose divine attributes you led us singing, when we were ready for the consummation of the union—

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"AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Storm has been on the hills. The day has worn,
As if a sleep upon the hours had crept;
And the dark clouds that gathered at the morn
In dull, impenetrable masses slept,
And the wet leaves hung drooping, and all
Was like the mournful aspect of a pall.
Suddenly, on 't' horizon's edge, a blue
And delicate hue, as of a peacock's lay,
And it wider and intenser grew.
The darkness faded silently away,
And, with the glory of departing day;
The perfect light of departing day;
So, when its stormy pilgrimage is o'er,
Will light upon the dying Christian poor.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

TIMOTHY STREAMS died in Bartlett, N. H., Sept. 22, aged 76 years. He had been a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ between forty and fifty years. For several years he was a deacon in a Congregational church. Twenty-seven years ago, having removed to Bartlett, where there was no Congregational church that he could conveniently attend, and loving the communion and fellowship of God's people, he and eleven others joined the M. E. Church, and were formed into a class, and this laid the foundation of what is now called the Bartlett circuit. From that time till his death he remained a steady, devout, and Christian member. His whole life has been noted for two prominent Christian characteristics, viz., his honesty between man and man, and the peaceableness of his disposition. His general aim seemed to be, if possible, to live peacefully with all men, and to promote peace in families and amongst neighbors. He loved social meetings, and in general took part in the exercises. During the last four months of his life he was mostly confined to his house, and not able to attend the house of God. Though the harbinger death was preying upon his mortal frame, yet he always manifested the most perfect resignation to the will of God, during the whole of his afflictions, and never was once heard to murmur or repine; and when death approached, he calmly and peacefully gave up the ghost, in the full triumphs of faith. Thus, as he lived peacefully, he died peacefully, and now more fully realizes the truth of the Savior's words, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Bartlett, Sept. 29. W. SUMMERSIDES.

MARTHA PENDEXTER, wife of John Pendexter, died in Bartlett, N. H., Aug. 11, aged 93 years and 7 months. She was one of the first settlers in the town of Bartlett, and had lived in it seventy years. She has left a numerous family of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, and I feel happy to say, the most of them are professors of religion and in the way to heaven, and are members of the Methodist E. Church. There are thirteen Pendexters in one class, and many others of the same family are members of the same church, called by another name. She was grandmother of the wife of the Rev. Henry Butler, who now is a supernumerary preacher of the Maine Conference. She lived a moral life, and her house for many years has been the resting place for the messengers of Christ. But she did not profess to enjoy religion till within three years and three months of her death. Three months before this, she was attacked with a paralytic stroke, and she then began to feel her sins a heavy burden, and was in much distress for her soul, till the Lord graciously removed her load, and turned her distress into a sweet and heavenly calm. During the whole of her affliction, which was long and painful, she evidently possessed her soul in patience, and when in her right mind, always gave evidence that she was at peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. She died in hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

W. SUMMERSIDES.

Mrs. ESTHER R. HARLOW, wife of Mr. Luther Harlow, died in Springfield, Vt., Sept. 20, aged 25 years. She had enjoyed religion about four years, and was graciously supported by its comforts through the dark valley. In consequence of her self-diffidence, she neglected to connect herself with the Methodist E. Church, but was one of its ardent friends, and assisted much in the devotions of the sanctuary, as one of its "sweet singers." She left many dear friends, around whom her affections twined most fondly, but was enabled to resign them all into the hands of God, and by faith she rejoiced in prospect of her rest in heaven. May the Lord sustain her deeply afflicted companion, protect her helpless infant, and prepare the numerous congregation who attended her funeral to meet her in heaven.

J. C. ASPENWALL.

Widow BETSEY KNIGHTS died in Rumford, Me., Aug. 14, in the 71st year of her age, of a cancer in her stomach, after a lingering sickness of about five years, the last year of which she was confined to her bed. Sister Knights experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church about forty years ago, in which she remained a worthy member until death. The Methodist society was then in its infancy in these parts. Church privileges were very small, the town being almost a wilderness, but she lived to see a large and flourishing society come up around her, and many of her neighbors happily converted to God. But her life was one of great care and anxiety, and she was left a widow twenty-seven years ago, with a family of small children dependent on her for support. The Lord, however, supported her in the times of affliction and trouble, and in her last hours she had an unshaken confidence in the Savior. She died in peace and sleeps in Jesus.

E. H. GAMMON.

Rumford, Me., Oct. 2.

Mr. ABNER ALDEN HATHAWAY MEAD, died in Hardwick, Ms., Aug. 29, aged 23 years. The sickness which resulted in his death was long and painful, but he suffered patiently. The religion which he embraced in health gave him "strong consolation" in sickness and death. His ardent attachment to the Bible, his love of holiness, and his consistency in religion, might be copied by young men to their profit in godliness. His last moments were full of tranquility and peace.—May the afflicted family know in life and death the power of that religion which blessed and comforted him who will greet them no more on earth.

Abner Alden Hathaway Mead,

Templeton, Oct. 1.

S. PUTNAM.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. XII.

MOTIVES TO EMANCIPATION.

The motives to this good work accumulate as we proceed. Indeed, the more I reflect upon this subject, which must be deeply interesting to every lover of freedom, the more weighty do those considerations appear which should impress the mind with the imperative duty of using our utmost exertions to effect the emancipation of the slaves.

I am an American. I was born and educated here; and though converted to God and called to the Christian ministry in Upper Canada, have spent most of my days in the United States of America—the land of freedom, of equal rights and privileges. Here, more than in any other portion of God's earth, with the sad exception of those hapless beings who are doomed to slavery, is the largest measure of freedom. Here, with the above melancholy exception, every man is protected in all the rights and privileges of a free citizen, and enjoys the liberty of thought and action in every respect, so long as he does not disturb the peace of society, by indulging in any acts of civil or political licentiousness. This country I love. I love its institutions, civil and religious, and cannot wish it prosperity, the continuance of its liberties and of its unrivaled advantages.

In looking at the Declaration of Independence, in which our ancestors so nobly asserted their right to self-government, I find the following words at the commencement of that immortal instrument:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Now one, I presume to say, and surely no enlightened American, will question the truth of the above declaration. It is, however, to be understood as a general rule, which admits of exceptions. Its exceptions are those who have forfeited their freedom by improper or wicked conduct, such as traitors, thieves, robbers, murderers, &c., who have thrown themselves beyond the protection of law, by rebelling against the order of society. Formerly, by the code of war, those who were taken captive were considered by their captors as lawful prizes, and might therefore be kept and used as their slaves; and hence the introduction and perpetuation of slavery among all the nations of antiquity.

Such was the end of Felix Grundy McConnel. What an end for a member of Congress—a legislator for the professedly moral and intelligent people of America! Would that we might all learn the lesson that it teaches.

There are many things connected with this tragic event we would allude to at length, but the limits of our paper allow us.

Let our readers look again at the facts of this shocking case.

Mr. McConnel did not commit suicide, as it is remembered, in a moment of passion, or while laboring under the effects of a fiery stimulant to which he was unaccustomed. Although yet in the prime of life, he had been a drinking man for years; but he indulged his appetite for the brimming bowl, until his whole being was surrendered to its foul and destructive dominion. Like many who will read this article, he was once a sober man. He once stood by the side of his mother, an innocent boy. He grew up to manhood a sober and industrious mechanic. But the drinking habits of his associates learned him to be a lover of his very destroyer; and hence, at the very time he was elevated to the high honor of a seat in the national councils, he was a confirmed, bold, profane, drinking drunkard—a hissing and a by-word among the children and negroes of the capital. Step by step—day by day—hour by hour—did he approach and plunge into certain destruction. Bound hand and foot by the surrender of his own will at the feet of the Moloch of Rum, he suffered himself, in the strength of his days, to be laid a bleeding victim on its horrid altar. Never, in all the dark annals of the deeds of the monster Alcohol, was there an offering so revolting as that of this night bird which had flung its wings from some tall oak.

The mighty lords of the forest stood as if nought but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian hunter concealed himself behind these very trees, how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and how oft his wild hawks had ranged for his victory. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, until I almost fancied myself one of them, and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

When suddenly a sound arose, it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. A sound tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more mortal, so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast with an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap, as if from the tread of some wild animal, and the blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould, as I first fancied. My energies returned, and I looked round for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. "Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely exiled my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush, at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yell which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untriring strength which seems a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

"With their long gallop, which can tire the hound's deep late, the huter's fire,"

they pursue their prey, and nought but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no room for thought; I bent my head, and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home; of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never again see me, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape.

I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute, an alternate yell from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit—Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet patterning on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to its utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going on far ahead, their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts were streaked with foam, and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed over my mind, that by this means I could evade them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near, for they, the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a right line.

I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close

TEMPERANCE.

From the N. E. Washingtonian.

THE LATE MR. MC CONNEL.

Our exchanges abound with notices of the recent suicide of the Hon. Felix Grundy McConnel, well known to have been, at the time of his death, a member of Congress from the State of Alabama. The accounts of this dreadful affair are somewhat various, but we think the following particulars may be relied on.

Mr. McConnel had been indulging in his habit of excessive drinking for several days in succession. He had located himself, during most of this last sad period of his life, in the St. Charles Hotel, in Washington—the large and fashionable drinking establishment. Nearly all the time since the adjournment of Congress, he drank very freely. The result was, as might have been expected, a fit of the *delirium tremens*. It appears to have been intensely horrible in his character, and that Mr. McConnel was laboring under it when he called for more of the murderous drink at the bar of the Hotel. Under this fresh stimulus, administered to him for no better purpose than the love of gain, he retired to his room, about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th ult.

Here the bloody deed was done. On leaving the bar room, with the glass of ruin yet wet on his lips, he appeared much depressed, and told a bystander that he intended to write to his wife.—What his thoughts were in that chamber, as visions of home flitted before him—as the scenes of his childhood came into view—can be known now only to the Searcher of all hearts. Before the messenger, whom he had sent for pen, ink and paper, returned, Mr. McConnel had locked himself in his room, and was a dead man.

After the lapse of an hour and a half, one of the family went to the door, and finding it still locked, looked through a glass window over it, and saw the dead body of the suicide lying on the floor, in a puddle of blood. On entering, and examining the wounds, it was found that he had stabbed himself with a large clasp knife eight times—three times in the neck, and five in the stomach. The probability is, that he died almost instantly—the stabs being so deep, that either one of them must have inevitably ended his life—the jugular vein having been completely severed.

An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts, after which the body was delivered to the Clerk of the House of Representatives.

The funeral was attended on the following day, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Slicer, formerly, if not now, chaplain to Congress. The President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Mayor of Washington, and several members of Congress, followed the remains to the spot where they now repose, in the Congressional burying ground.

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There are many things connected with this tragic event we would allude to at length, but the limits of our paper allow us.

Let our readers look again at the facts of this shocking case.

Mr. McConnel did not commit suicide, as it is remembered, in a moment of passion, or while laboring under the effects of a fiery stimulant to which he was unaccustomed. Although yet in the prime of life, he had been a drinking man for years; but he indulged his appetite for the brimming bowl, until his whole being was surrendered to its foul and destructive dominion. Like many who will read this article, he was once a sober man. He once stood by the side of his mother, an innocent boy. He grew up to manhood a sober and industrious mechanic. But the drinking habits of his associates learned him to be a lover of his very destroyer; and hence, at the very time he was elevated to the high honor of a seat in the national councils, he was a confirmed, bold, profane, drinking drunkard—a hissing and a by-word among the children and negroes of the capital. Step by step—day by day—hour by hour—did he approach and plunge into certain destruction. Bound hand and foot by the surrender of his own will at the feet of the Moloch of Rum, he suffered himself, in the strength of his days, to be laid a bleeding victim on its horrid altar. Never, in all the dark annals of the deeds of the monster Alcohol, was there an offering so revolting as that of this night bird which had flung its wings from some tall oak.

The mighty lords of the forest stood as if nought but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian hunter concealed himself behind these very trees, how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and how oft his wild hawks had ranged for his victory. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, until I almost fancied myself one of them, and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

When suddenly a sound arose, it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. A sound tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more mortal, so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast with an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap, as if from the tread of some wild animal, and the blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould, as I first fancied. My energies returned, and I looked round for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. "Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely exiled my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush, at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yell which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untriring strength which seems a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

"With their long gallop, which can tire the hound's deep late, the huter's fire,"

they pursue their prey, and nought but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no room for thought; I bent my head, and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home; of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never again see me, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape.

I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute, an alternate yell from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit—Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet patterning on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to its utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going on far ahead, their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts were streaked with foam, and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed over my mind, that by this means I could evade them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near, for they, the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a right line.

I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close

manner, to go home, and try to do better. Poor Mac, haunted by supernatural fears, brightened up at the idea that there was still one man who was his friend—one who did not carry a revolver to shoot him down at the moment his back was turned, and left, protesting his repentance and gratitude.

We have often heard the deceased speak of his little wife and four children, and tell of her self-sacrificing, enduring and Christian spirit, with which she bore with all his weaknesses, and how, by kindness, she endeavored and hoped to reclaim him, rather than by reproaches. Last winter, in one of his sprees, (as they are called,) he bought a beautiful Bible, and carried it round from bar room to bar room, saying that was a present for his little woman. We hope she has received it, and that in its pages will find comfort to her broken spirit in the dark hour of this